



GLARING OFF INTO THE HAZE OF
**THE RED SUN OF THE
WASTELANDS**



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

LONE PALM FERRY CASINO

123 South Dhegihan-Siouan Memorial Parkway

Omaha, NE. 68010

WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD.

SINGAPORE - 2026





GLARING OFF INTO THE HAZE OF THE RED SUN OF THE WASTELANDS

In the distant future, as students delve into the annals of history, they will find themselves grappling with the complex narratives surrounding the Dawn of Ahriman's Great Social Reset. This pivotal era, marked by a series of transformative events, will be shrouded in ambiguity, particularly regarding the critical movements that preceded the cataclysmic moment known as "The Earth Fell Flat." The Great Flood, a monumental event that reshaped the landscape and human existence, will be a focal point of their studies, yet the true implications and the societal shifts that followed may remain elusive. As these future scholars explore the remnants of our civilization, they will discover that what was.

A once the Nebraska Gold Coast has transformed into a coveted stretch of beachfront property, a stark reminder of the resilience and adaptability of humanity in the face of overwhelming change.

The juxtaposition of past struggles and present beauty will serve as a testament to the enduring spirit of those who navigated the tumultuous waters of their time.

This pivotal era, spanning from the 2020s to the 2040s, is likely to be relegated to mere footnotes in history, perhaps reduced to a brief mention or a couple of paragraphs in a textbook.

The tumultuous events, such as the Antifa Militia Uprising and the ensuing civil conflict, will likely fade into obscurity, overshadowed by more dominant narratives.

The plight of the Jedi Refugees, who sought asylum and, in exchange, agreed to lead Ahriman's formidable army of off-world mercenaries, will probably be overlooked entirely.

Furthermore, the actions of a rogue faction within the Antifa Militia, known as the Lloyd Austin Bio-gender Battalion, will likely be dismissed as mere footnotes.

This group notoriously scavenged nuclear warheads from abandoned silos in Nebraska, remnants of the Arms Control Treaty of 2026, and attempted to deploy them to execute massive EMP strikes aimed at crippling the advanced technologies of the advancing Ahriman "Coalition of the Willing" Legions.



However, their efforts backfired spectacularly, resulting in a catastrophic grid failure that plunged 21st-century America back into a state reminiscent of the Stone Age, a dramatic regression that will likely be glossed over in future historical accounts.

The narratives surrounding these historical events are often perceived as overwhelmingly tragic, laden with numerous transgressions that continue to cast a shadow over contemporary society.

The echoes of these misdeeds resonate through time, reminding us of the complexities of our past. Furthermore, the Great Flood serves as a pivotal moment in history, obscuring the legacies of significant locations and the heroic actions of the once-mighty Republic of Texas, as well as the bustling Seaport of Saint Louis.

This catastrophic event has led to a glaring omission in our collective memory, leaving little room for the recognition of intriguing figures such as the UPS Pirates, who once wielded considerable influence over the vast Southern Mississippi River basin.

Their stories, rich with adventure and audacity, have been largely forgotten, overshadowed by the more prominent tragedies that define this era.

In the passage of time, the events we currently deem significant will fade into obscurity, their existence intentionally wiped from our shared consciousness.

The narrative will shift, attributing this collective amnesia to the relentless encroachment of the rising tides brought on by the Great Flood.



Should these memories resurface, they will be dismissed by the scientific community, relegated to the realm of folklore and fantasy, akin to the legendary tales of Atlantis, the fabled continent of Mu, or the origins of the earliest civilizations of the First CIS Humans. This transformation of history into myth serves as a reminder of how easily the truth can be obscured, reshaped by the forces of nature and the passage of time, leaving behind only whispers of what once was.

As I find myself perched on my westward-facing porch in the early hours of the morning, a wave of profound contemplation washes over me, heavy and unyielding. The horizon is ablaze with vibrant hues of red, a fiery canvas that delineates the desolate expanse of what was once the Northern Plains, now a stark reminder of a land ravaged by time and circumstance.

I sit in quiet anticipation for the return of our golden sun, its warmth a promise of renewal amid the lingering shadows of the past. The skies, still smoldering after all these years, serve as a haunting testament to the how the resilience of nature had been overcome due to the sheer folly of humanity and the scars left behind by this human folly.

Each breath I take is infused with the weight of history, as I reflect on the beauty and tragedy intertwined in this landscape, a poignant reminder of what has been lost and what might still be reclaimed.



I believe I have previously shared the thrilling account of my involvement in a scientific expedition to the fringes of the wasteland, haven't I?

It truly is an enthralling narrative, filled with audacity and intrigue, revolving around a dedicated team of researchers and adventurers, including myself, who were tasked by the New Tulsa Republic.

Our mission was to assess the viability of a controversial legislative proposal put forth by the corporate congress, which aimed to unlock the wastelands for the purpose of scavenging any remnants of technology that may have endured over time.

This initiative was not merely about exploration; it was part of a broader vision to reclaim and rejuvenate the desolate landscapes, breathing new life into areas long thought lost to the ravages of time and neglect.

The details I have refrained from sharing, primarily due to the constraints of a legal nondisclosure agreement and subsequent restraining orders that were put in place to ensure the silence of our travel group, are both profound and troubling.

We encountered a landscape that bore the scars of devastation, a region that seemed to cry out for attention and restoration, yet we were bound by these legalities to keep our observations and insights to ourselves.

The experiences we shared, the sights that left an indelible mark on our minds, and



our collective thoughts on the potential for revitalization in this area—these were all silenced, leaving us with a sense of frustration and helplessness.

It is disheartening to think that the possibility of reclaiming this ravaged land may not come to fruition within our lifetimes, as we grapple with the weight of our unspoken truths and the urgent need for action that remains unaddressed.

For the first time, I find myself in a unique position to unveil a collection of images that capture the various injustices I have personally witnessed, largely because the New Tulsa Republic has become fragmented and its influence significantly diminished, reduced to a series of small, submerged islands as a result of the relentless encroachment of the Great Flood.

This shift in power dynamics has granted me a certain freedom to present this portfolio without the burden of extensive narrative or explanation.

As I prepare to share these visuals, I am reminded of the wise words of my early mentor, Mister Bernard Trink, who famously declared, “Nuff Said!”—a phrase that encapsulates the essence of my intention: to let the images speak for themselves, conveying the weight of their stories without the need for elaborate commentary.

- Emil, 2047







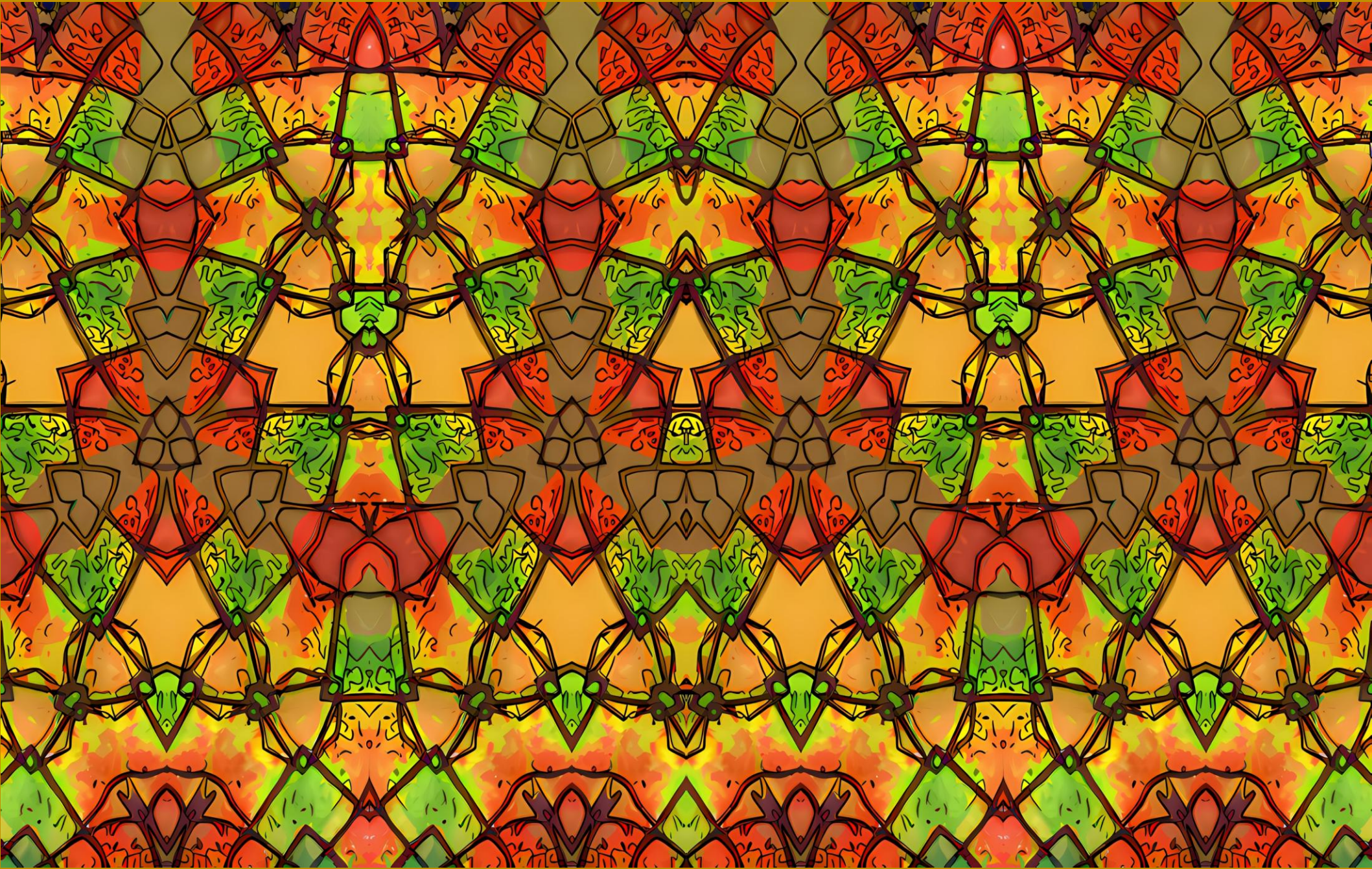


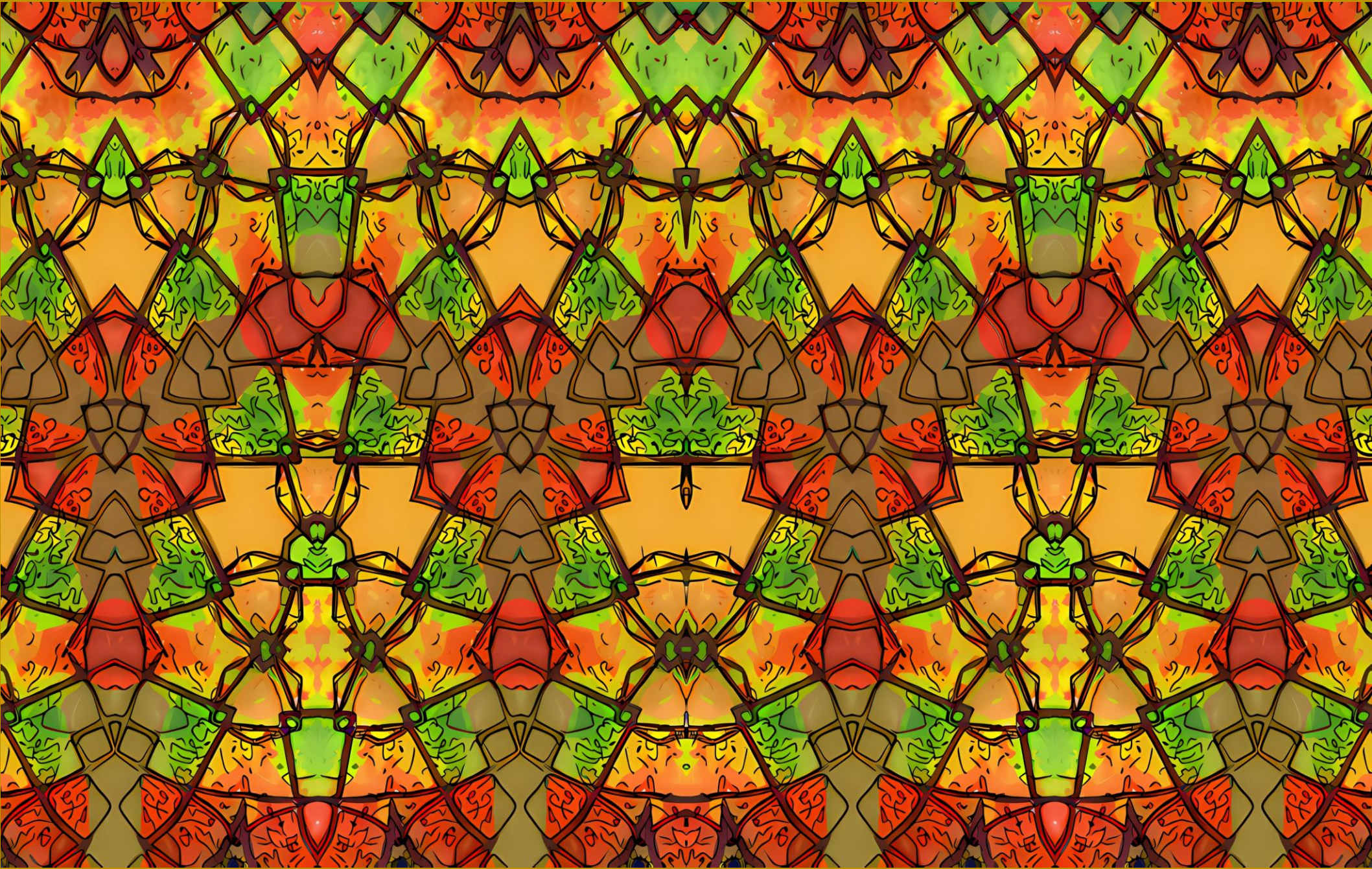




























































































































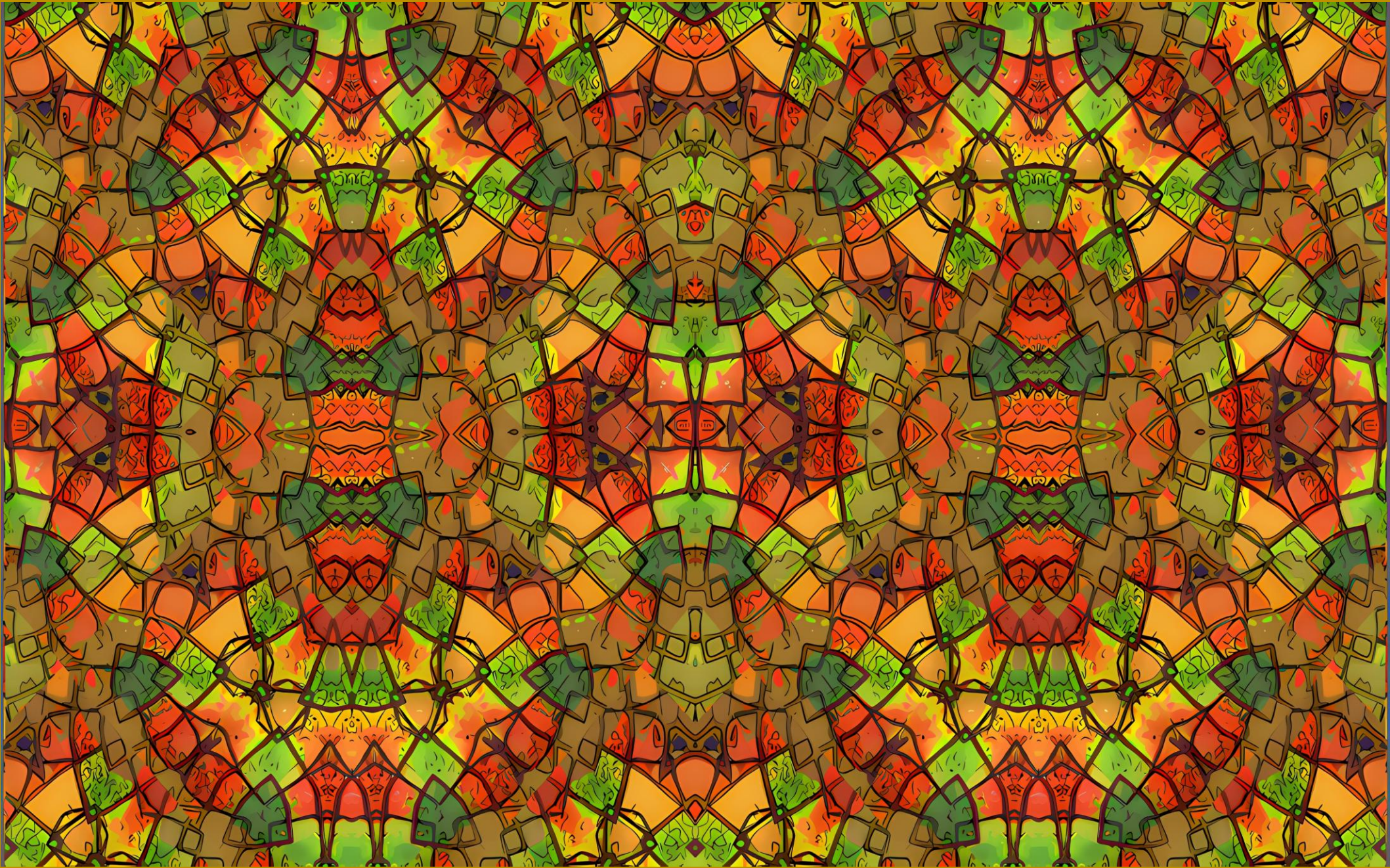


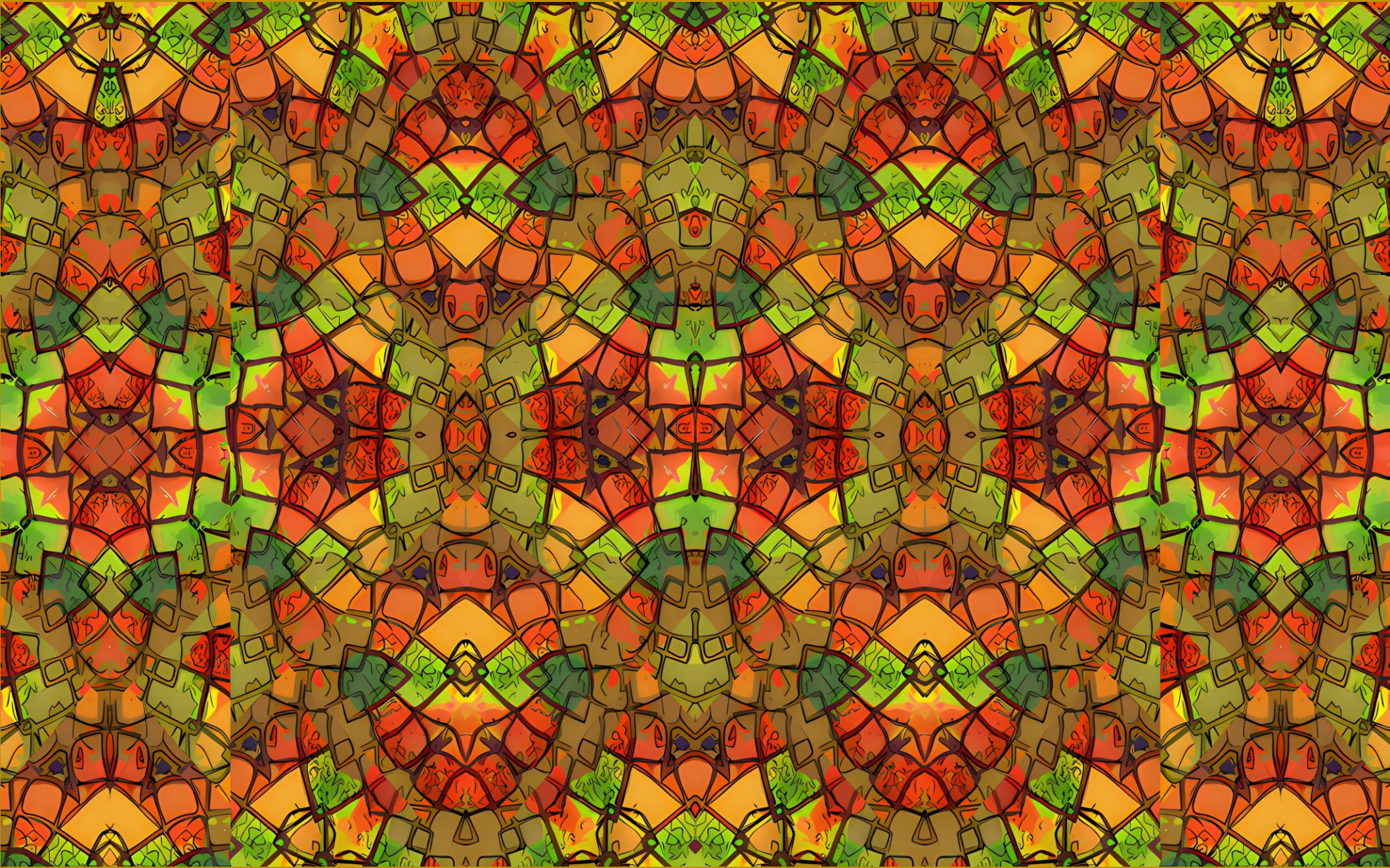


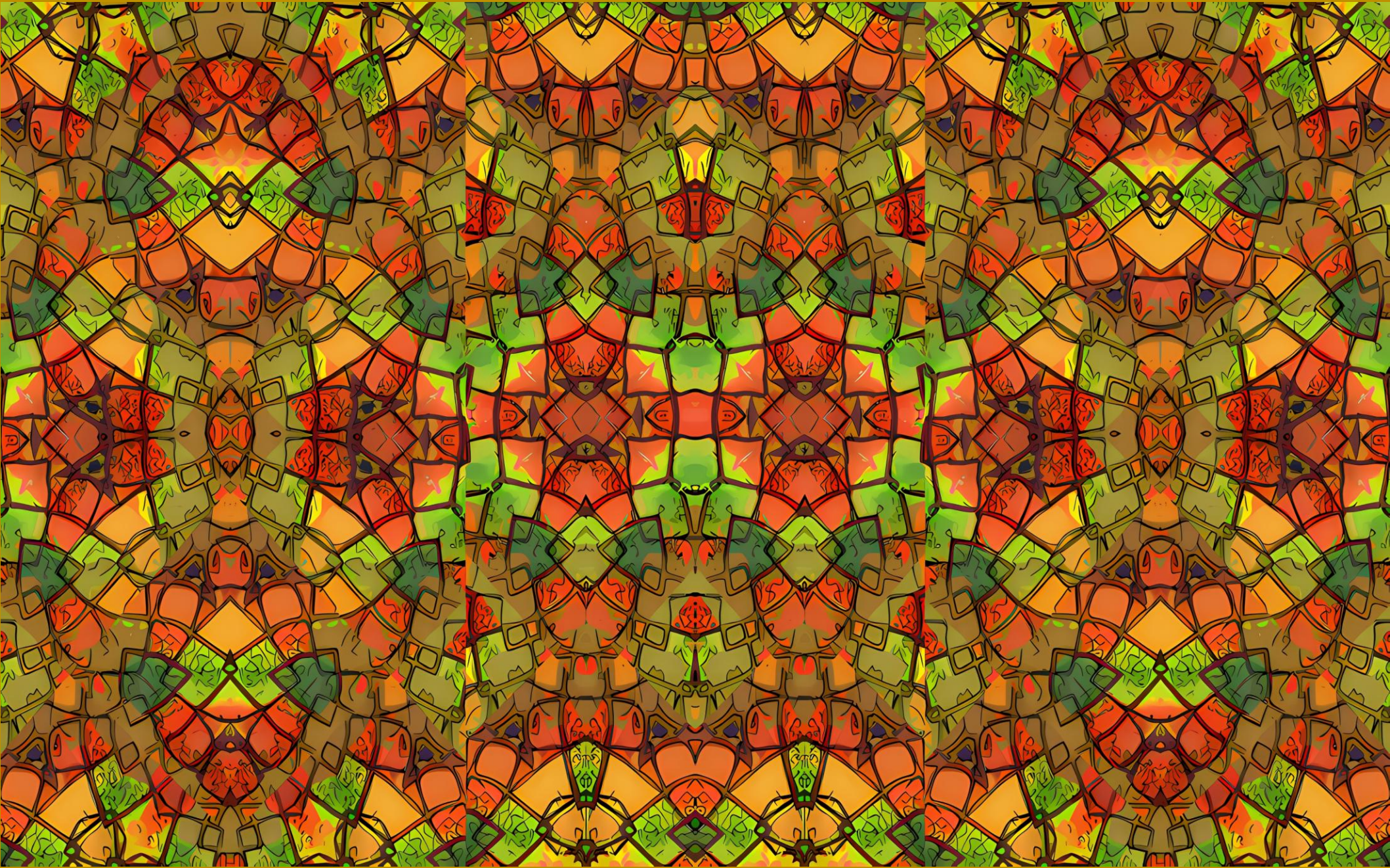


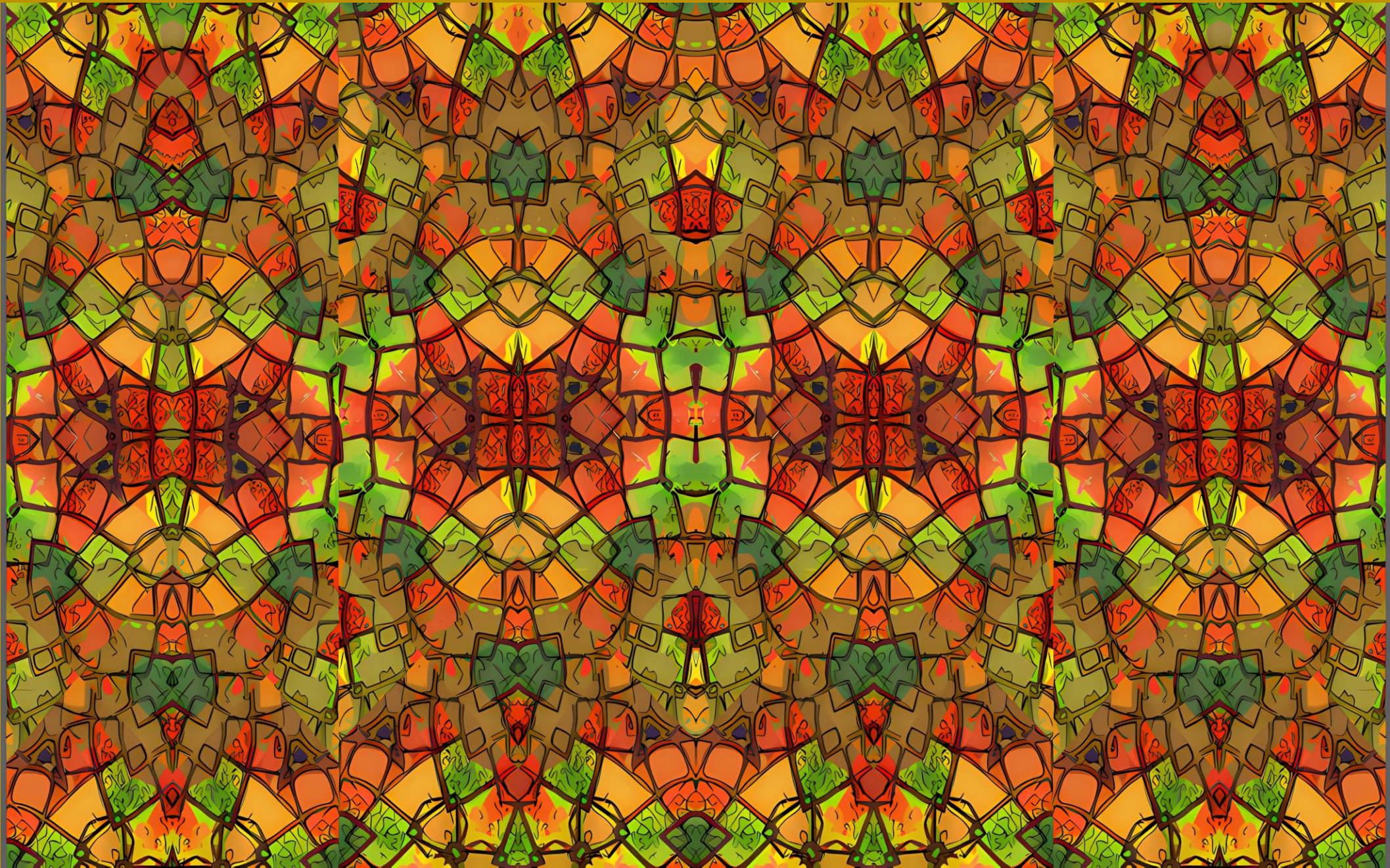


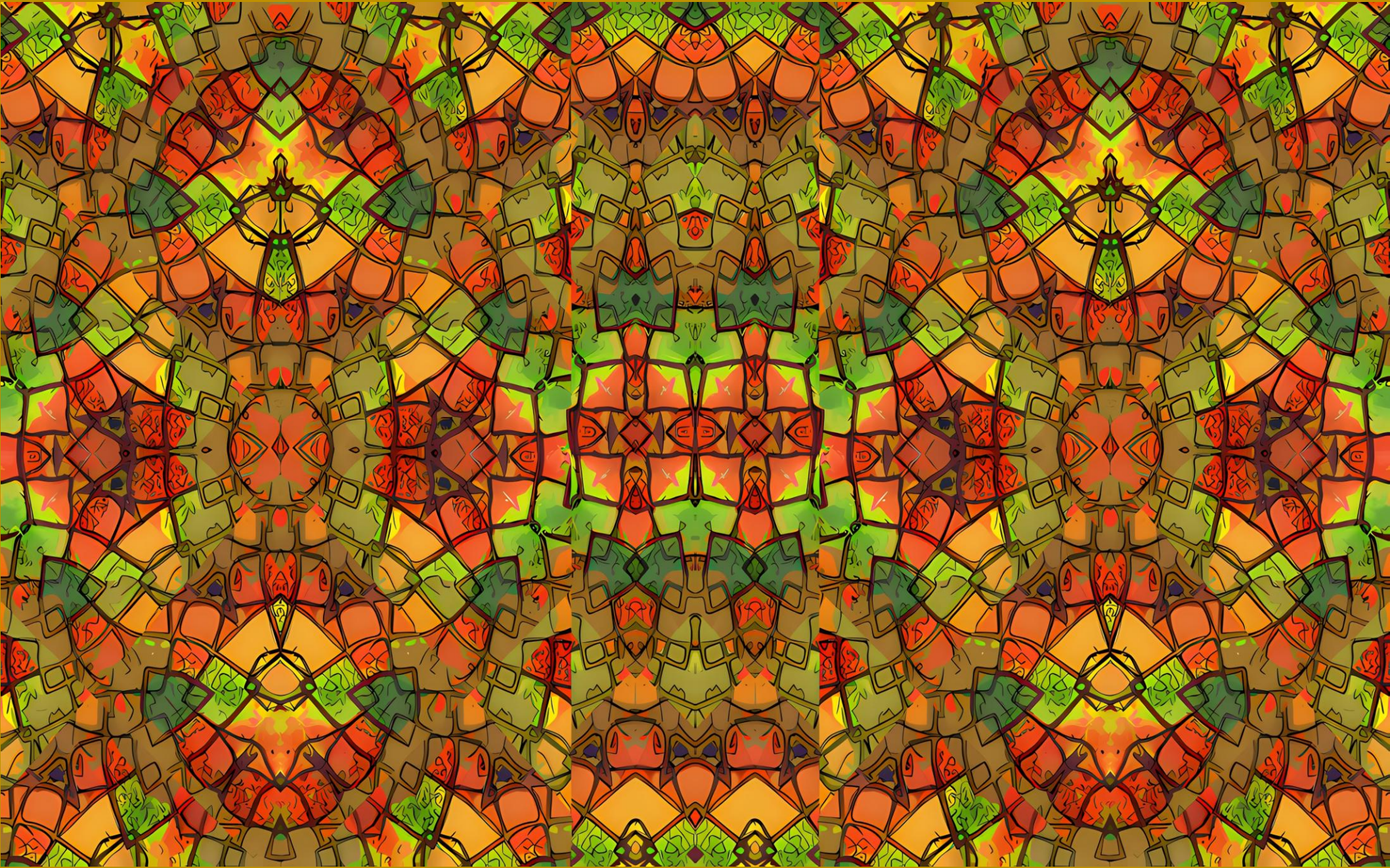


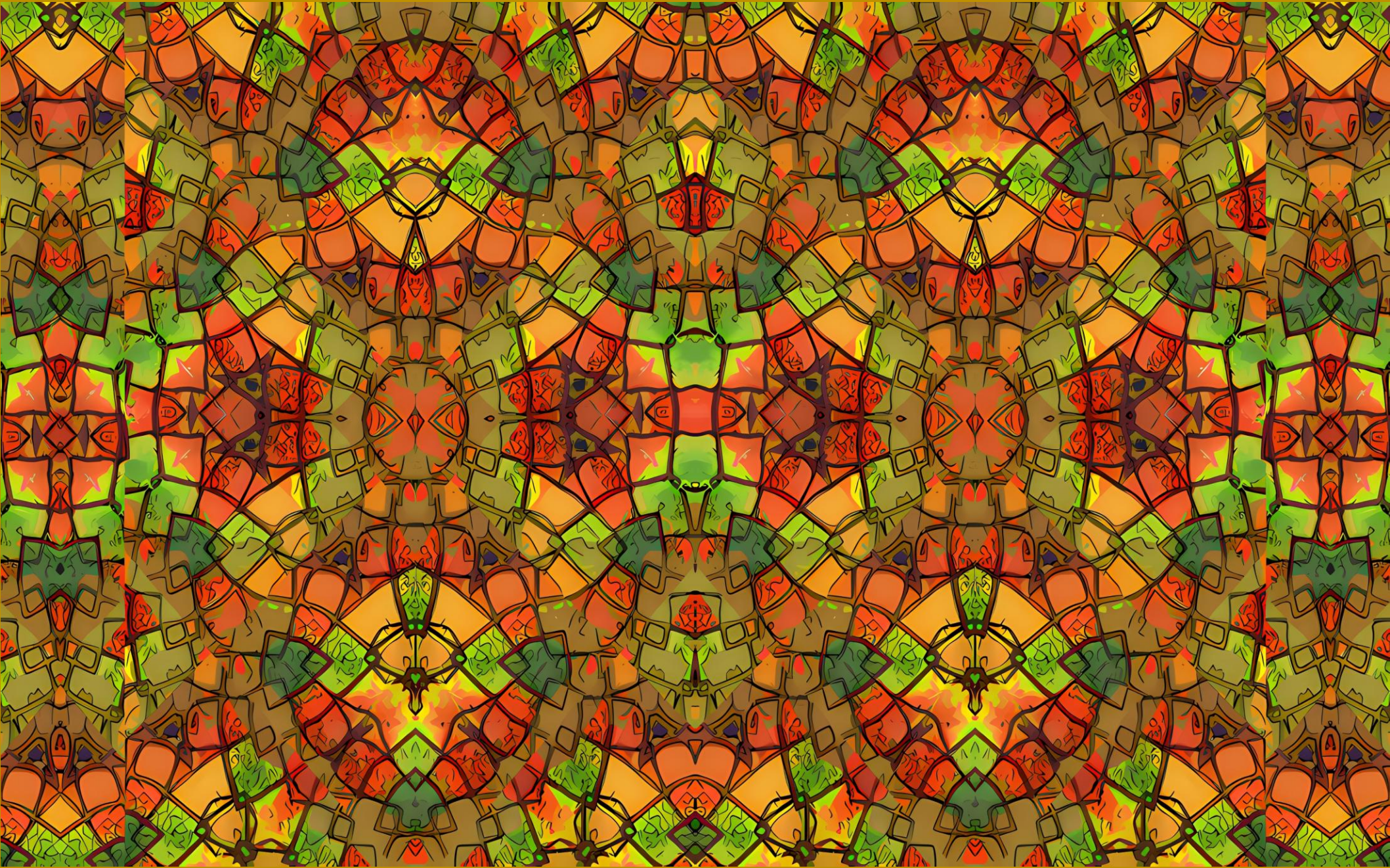




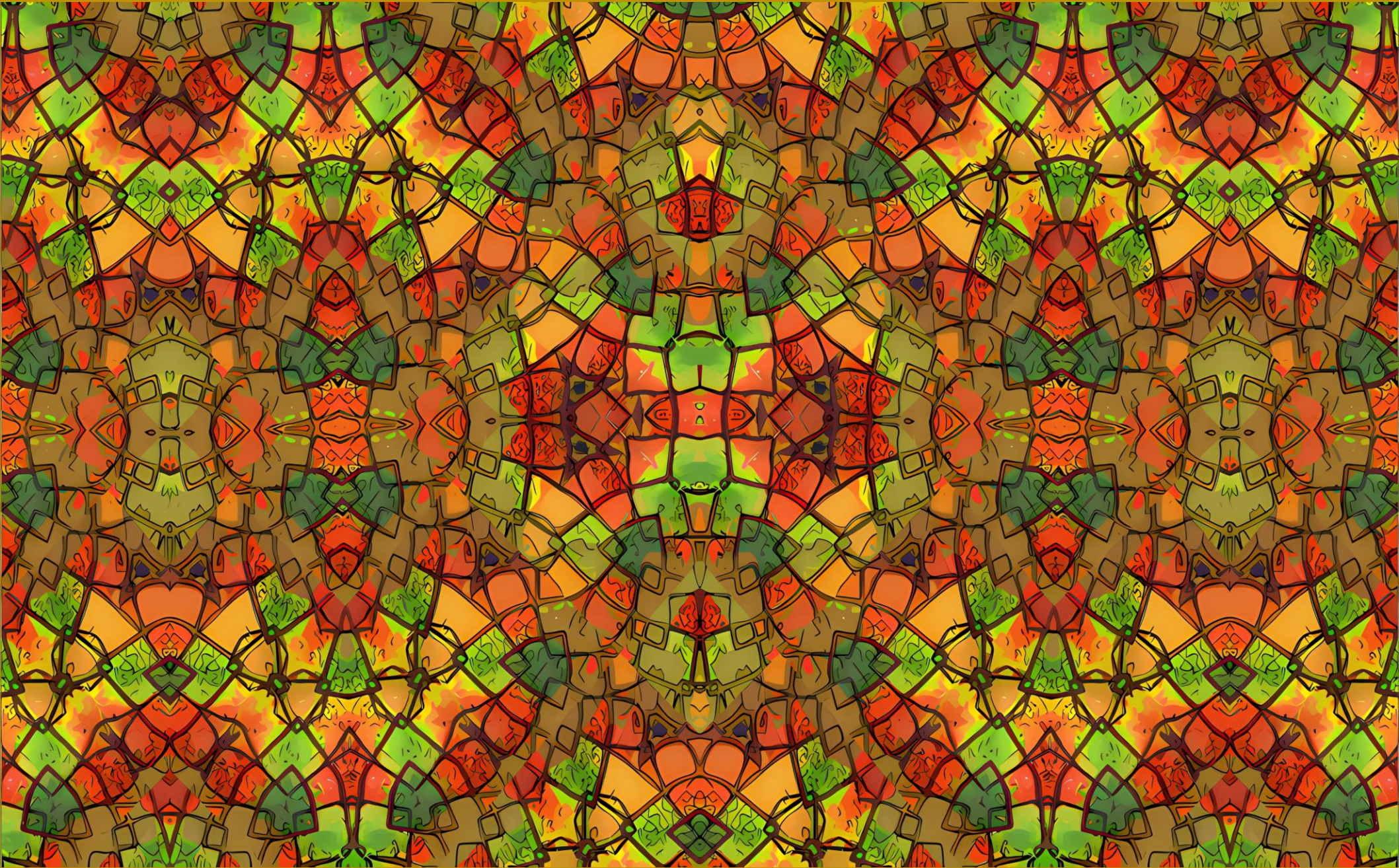


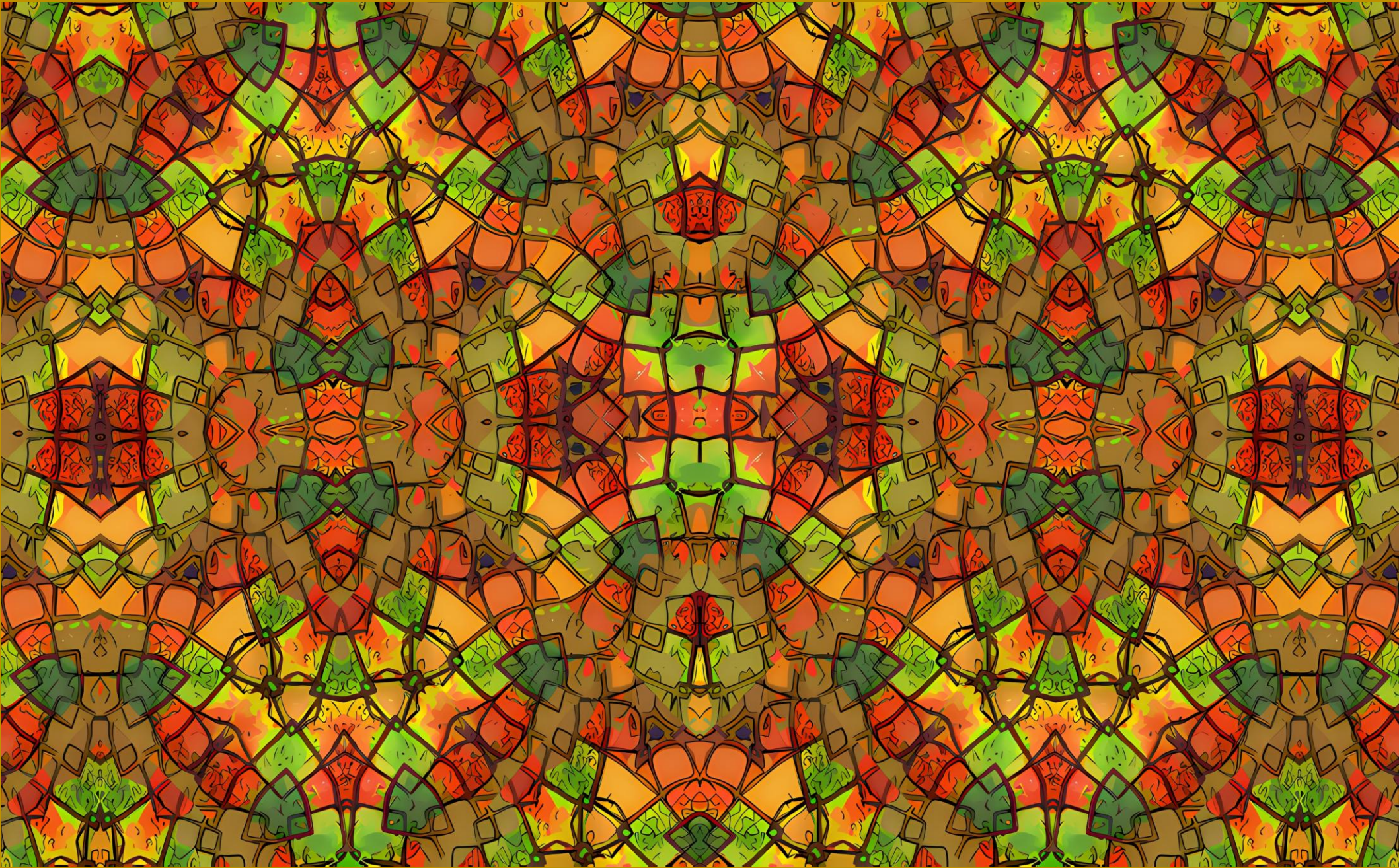




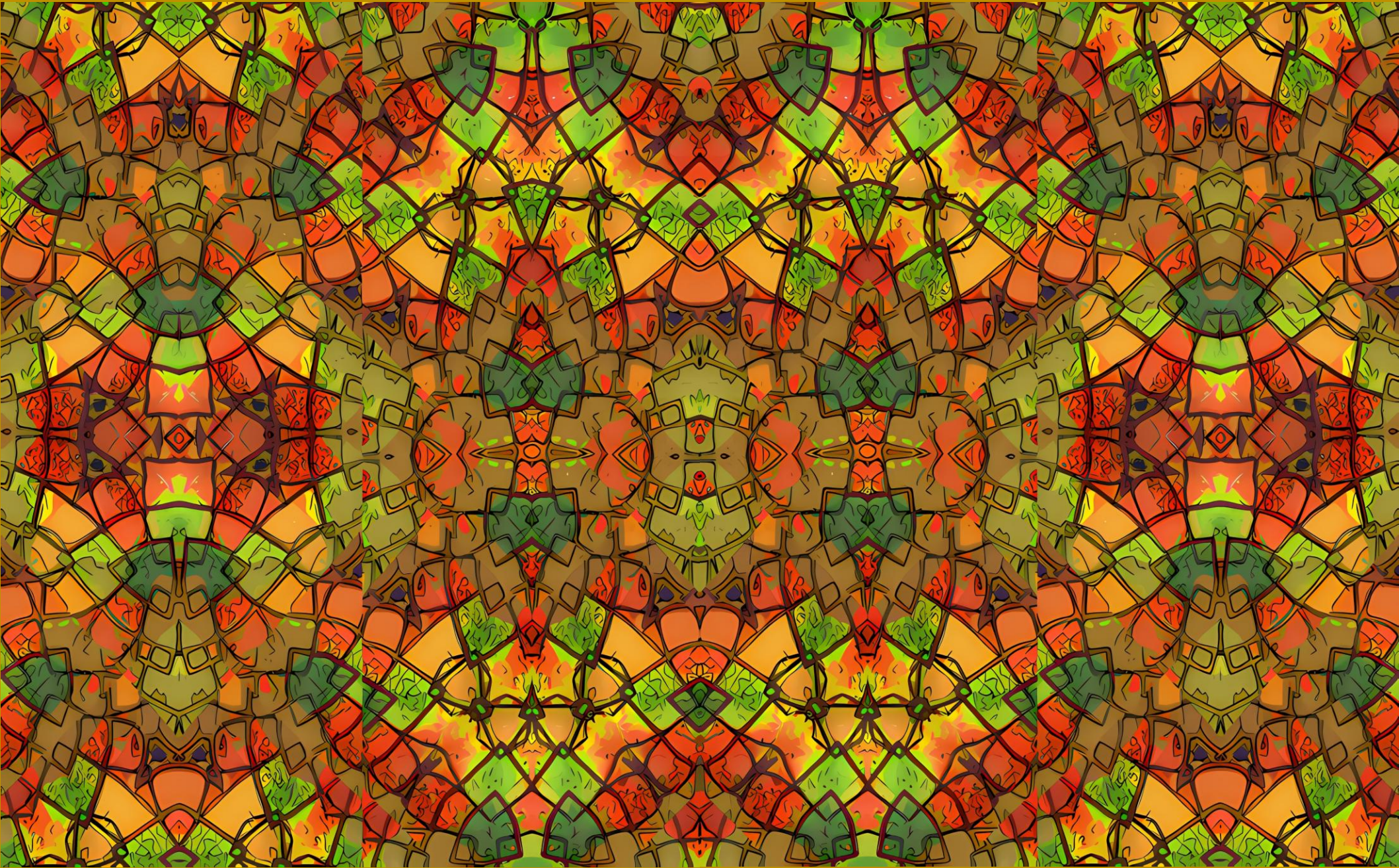


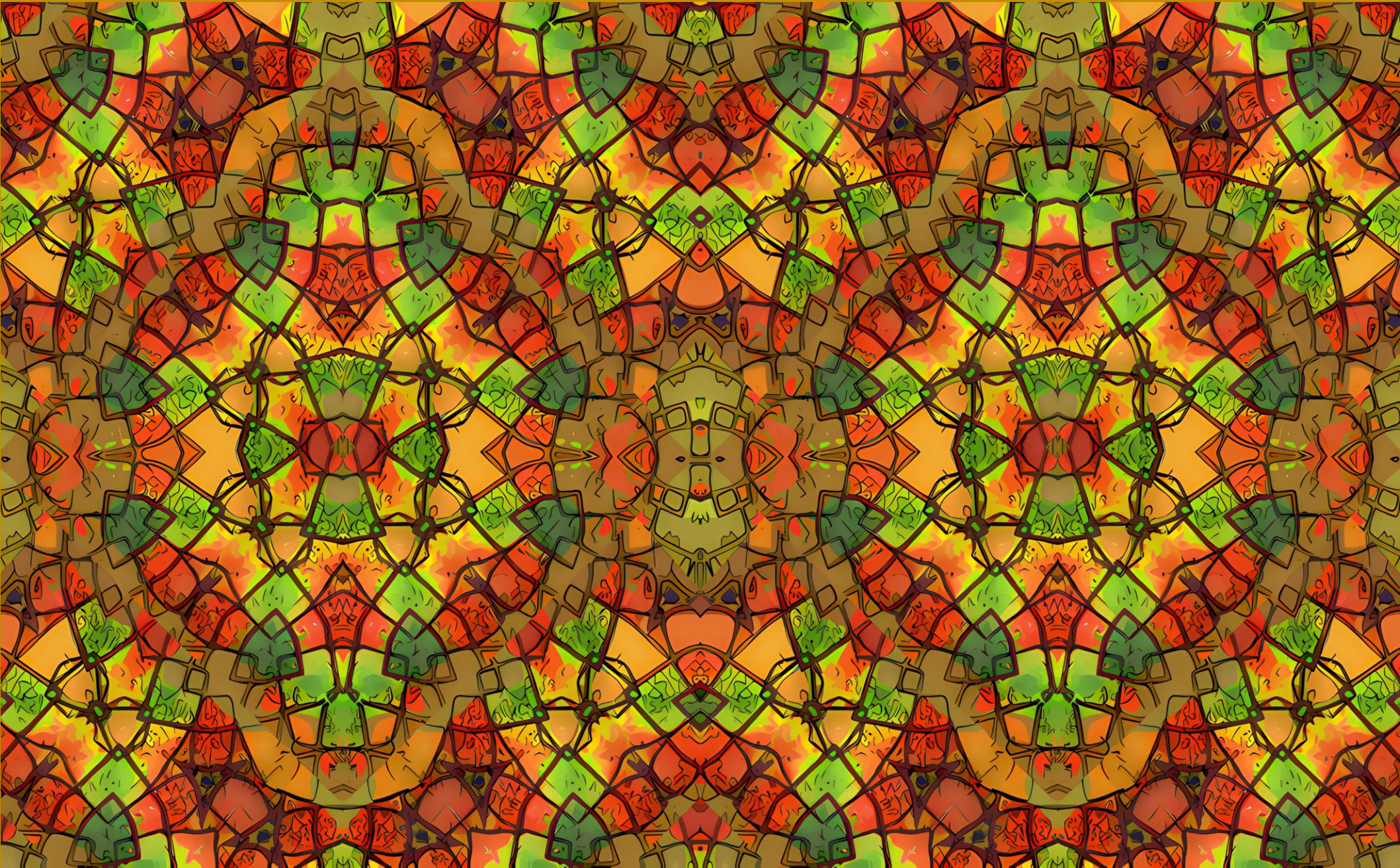




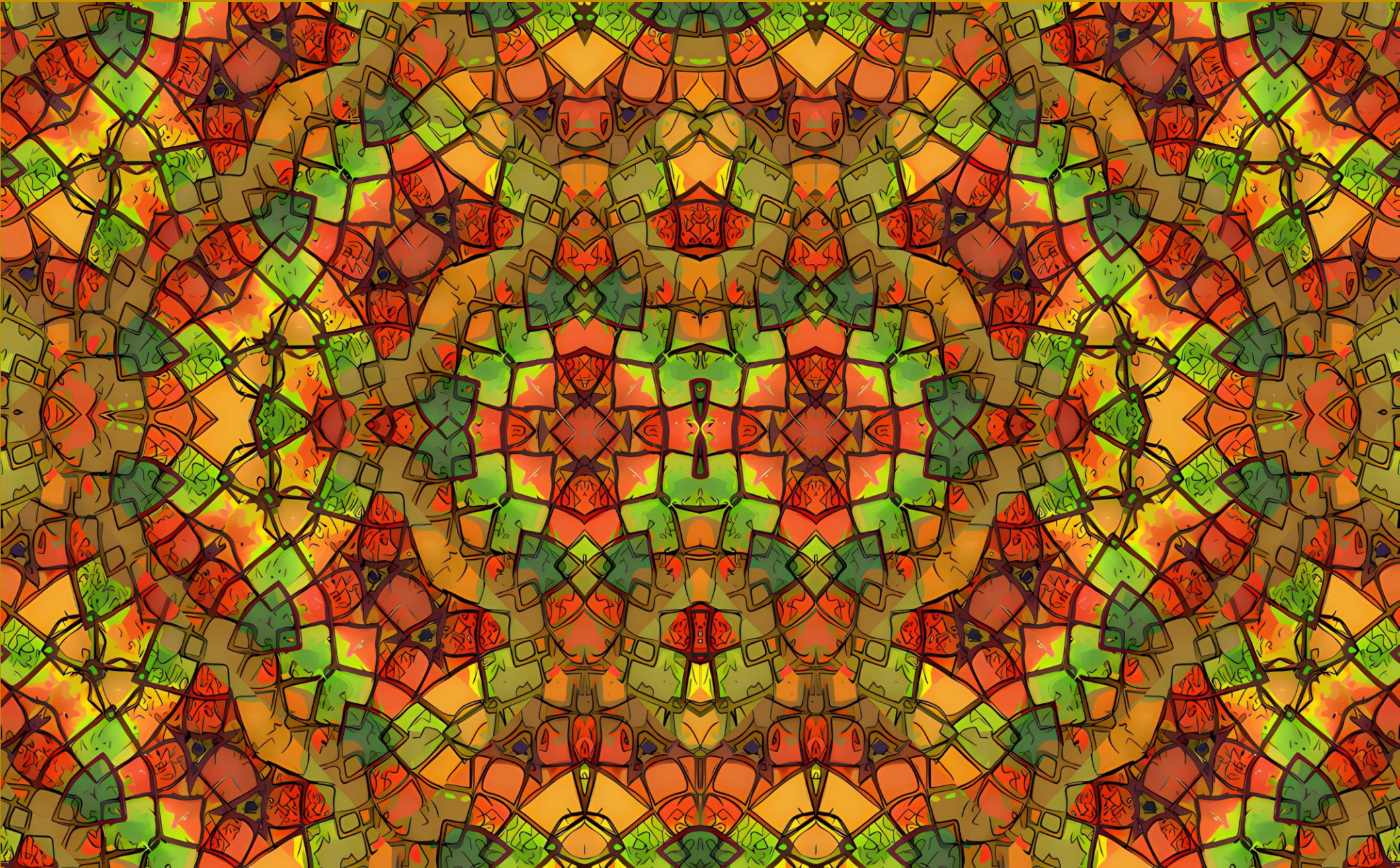








































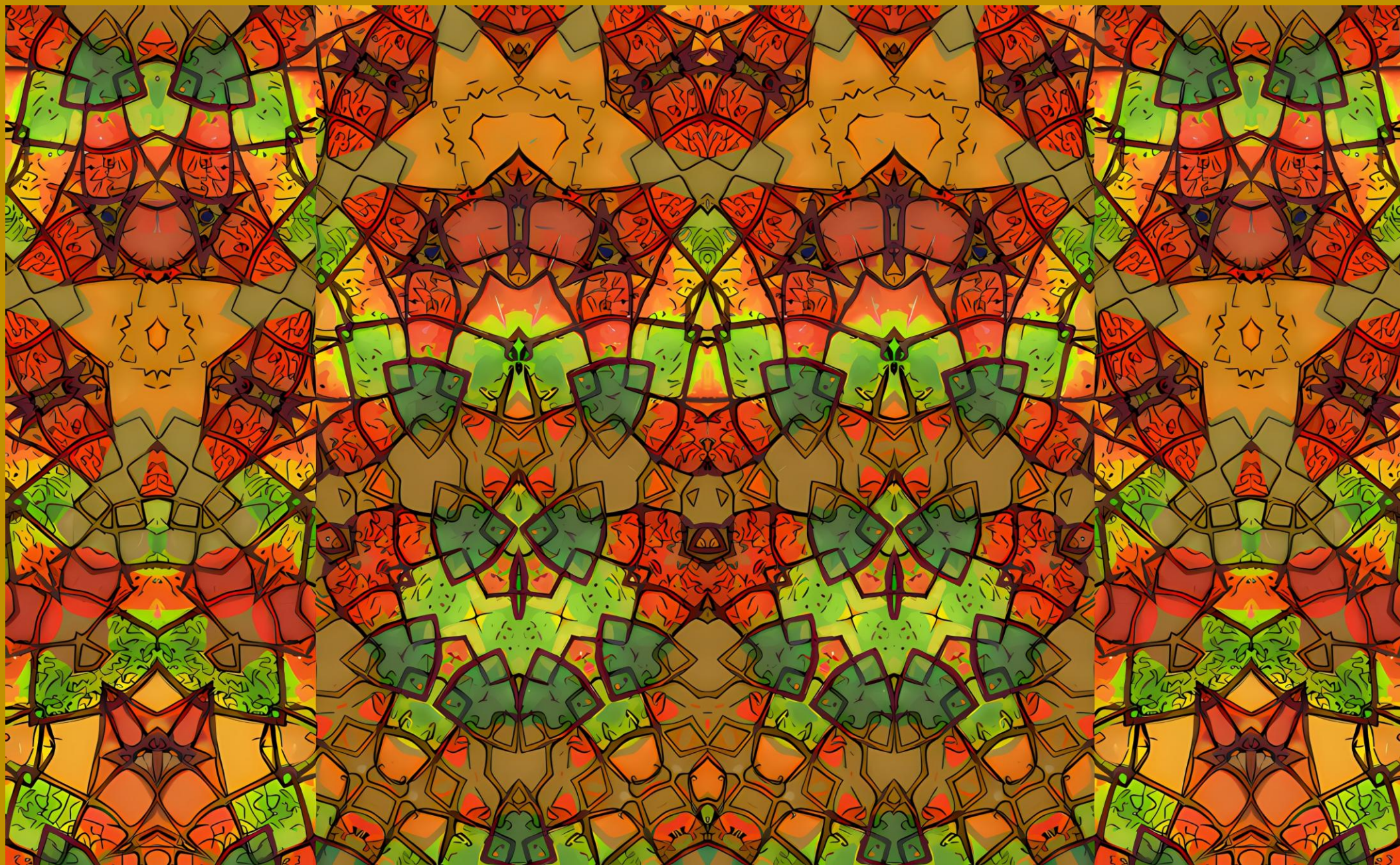




















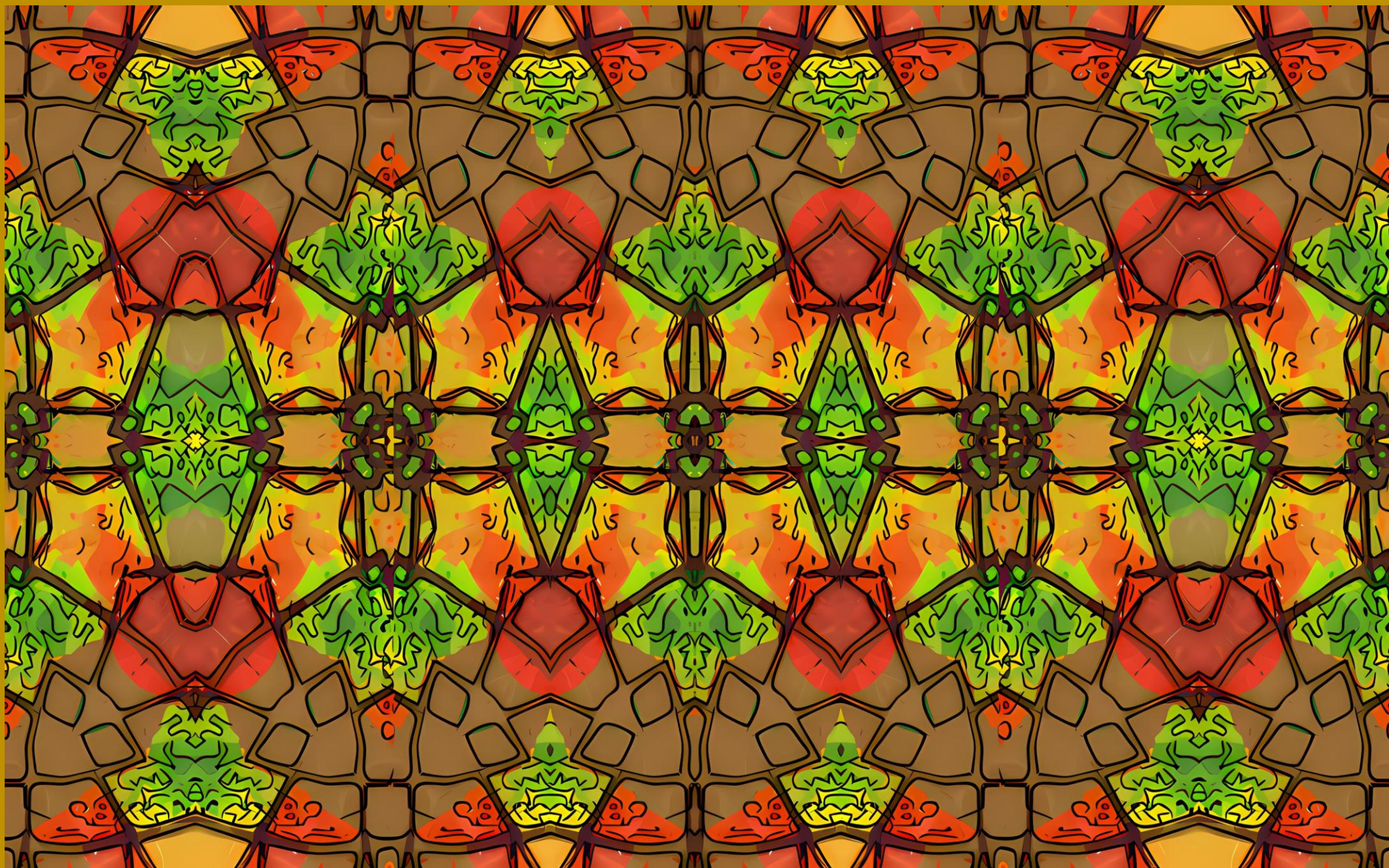








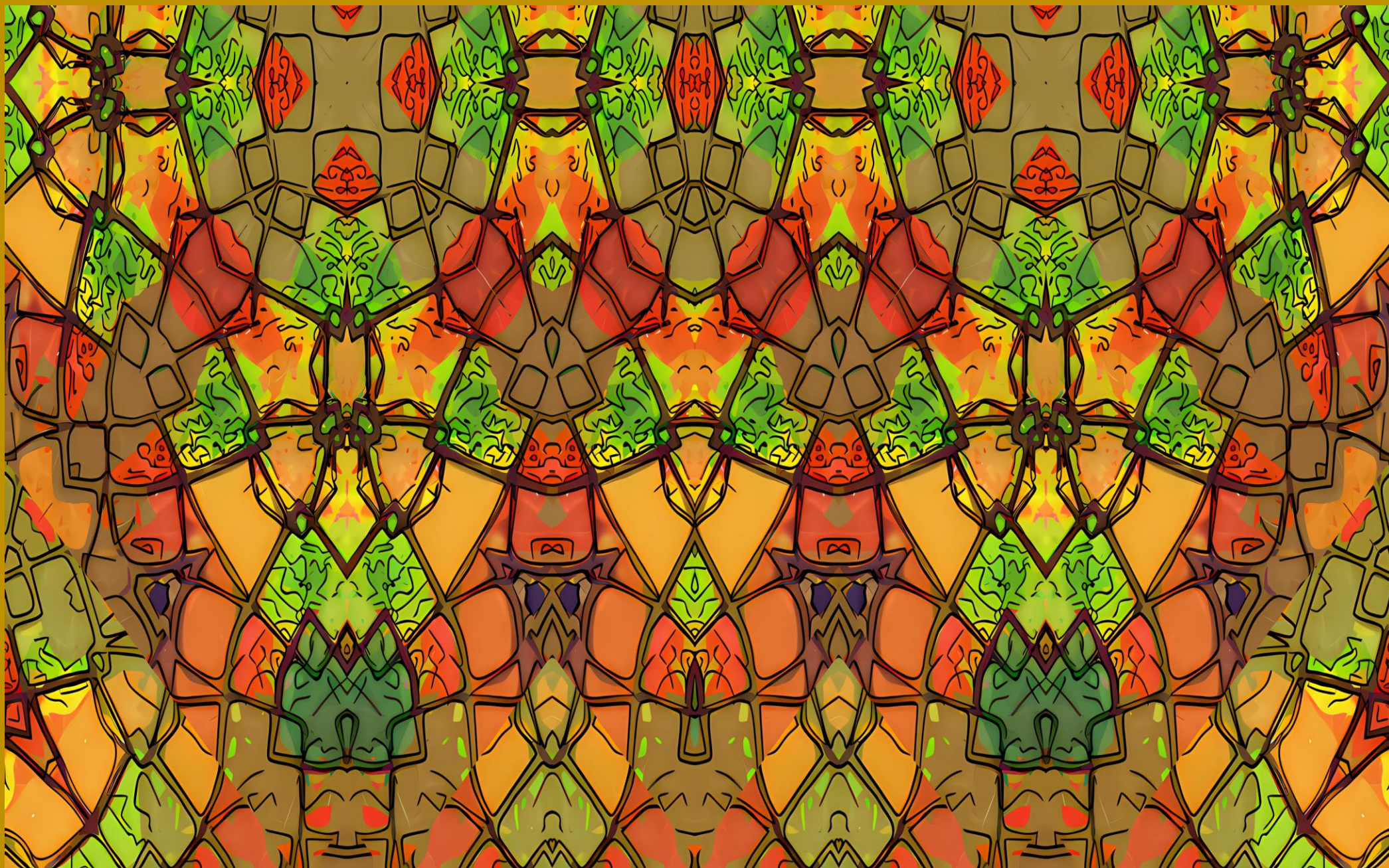




























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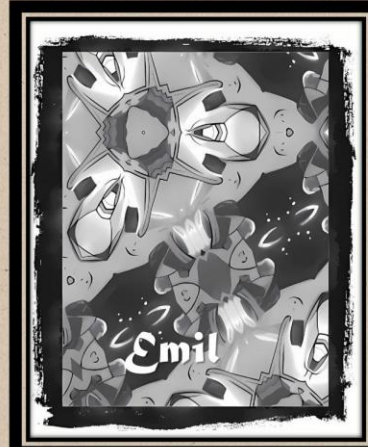
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IT WAS KIND OF A BITCHY, LATTER CIRC THING FOR THESE ARTISTS TO DO



THE ALLURE
 CAN BE DECEPTIVE

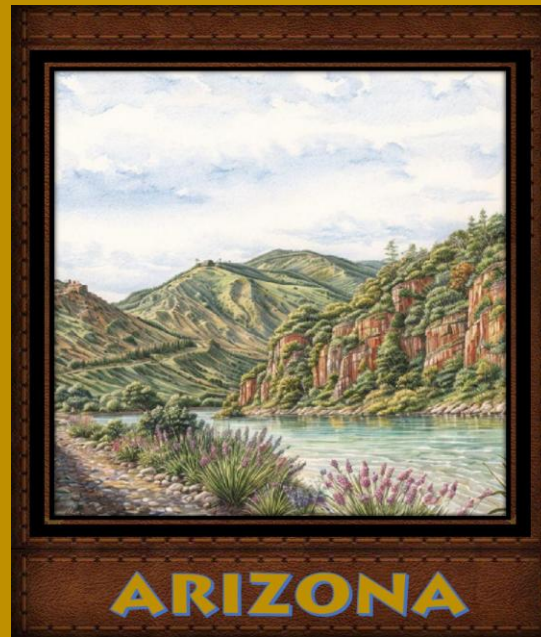
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